

New Advice to a PAINTER; A Poetical Essay describing the last Sea-Engagement with the D U T C H:

MAY the 28th. 1673. By an Eye-Witness.

Strike up, *bold Muse*, loud as the trumpet sounds
And wade through *smoak* and *thunder*, *bloud* and
Let wanton strains of the soft airy *Lute*, (*wounds*:
Yield to the triumphs of the Warlike *Flute*;
Now shall *Lepanto's* Conflict be forgot,
The *Service* there could not be half so hot.

No sooner the *Brave Prince* his *Flags* assembled,
But *Neptune* duckt under a wave, and trembled;
A frightful *prospect* unto all that see't,
The *Elements* of *fire* and *water* meet;
Nor should a man have prejudic'd his sense,
Or reason, to derive the *Thunder* thence;
Such a *red Sea* you round about discover,
The *Ocean* swell'd with blood, seem'd to run over.
By which orewhelm'd, the *Dutch* may hope stop
Incurfions of the *French* with floods of gore. (more
Some *flaming Ships* men into th' water sent
For death, to scape that fiercer Element;
And hundreds *swimming* destitute of hope,
To save their lives wish'd for a *lucky Rope*;
Some *sink to rights*, and with a dismal cry,
Sail in a *moment* to *Eternity*.

A thousand *various Horoscopes* agree,
To puzzle *Art* in one *Catastrophe*;
Born under *different STARRS* like *Fate* they have,
The *Ship's* their *Coffin*, and the *Sea* their *Grave*.
The *smoak* (like that of *Sodom*) did aspire,
As if the very *Sea* had been on *Fire*;
Whilst each *Broadside*, untill again ore-blown,
Did make a dismal *Midnight* of *High Noon*;
A darkness so *Egyptian*, you'd have thought,
That every *Ship* by her own *Fire-light* fought;
Or that we might their flying *Frigats* miss,
The *Dutch* sigh'd up a *Fog* as dark as this.
But what could tempt them *fight* at such a rate?
Sure the last *Snake* hath made them desperate;

For this renders their misery much worse,
We onely fight for *right*, they upon *force*.
Their wretched *State* to this sad pass be'ng come,
There's *death* abroad, and worse, *despair* at home.
The *Gallant Prince* that in all dangers came,
Wonders perform'd too great for th' mouth of *Fame*;
Though they're intrench'd with *Sand*, he thinks it
To *fight*, not dully to *besiege* a *Fleet*. (meet,
Ruyter look'd pale at an assault so brave,
And *Trump* had much ado to scape a *Grave*;
Of *Common Boors* such numbers breathless float,
Their grosser Souls will sure sink *Charon's Boat*;
For to avoid *Englands* victorious Standard,
Their shatter'd Squadrons in disorder wander'd:
And were so sensible of certain loss,
The *Belgick Lyon* couch'd before the *Cross*.
The *Panegyricks* our Captains deserv'd,
At large their own Swords in *Dutch bosoms* carv'd.
So fought the *French*, they shall for future stand,
Renoun'd for *Arts* at *Sea* as well as *Land*.
But oh! with what deserving *Eulogies*,
Shall we *Embalm* the glorious memories
Of noble *Worden*, *Fowles*, *Finch*, and the rest,
Snatcht hence by *Fate* to th' Regions of the *Blest*?
That *Hero-Troop* ne'er to be prais'd enough,
Whose Bodies fell, but Souls were *Canon-proof*;
Those *Miracles* of *Valour*, Honours Sons,
Brave bold *Contemners* of grim Deaths great Guns;
Those more than *Worthies* for their Countries good
Who were so prodigal of their best Blood;
Their *Fame* with us in story shall remain,
Till Bodies reunite with Souls again.

Whilst *bass'd Hogens* quit the open main,
And *Mare Clausum* we have prov'd again:
'Tis fit our Monarchs happy Birth-day be
Still usher'd in with Joys of *Victory*. FINIS.